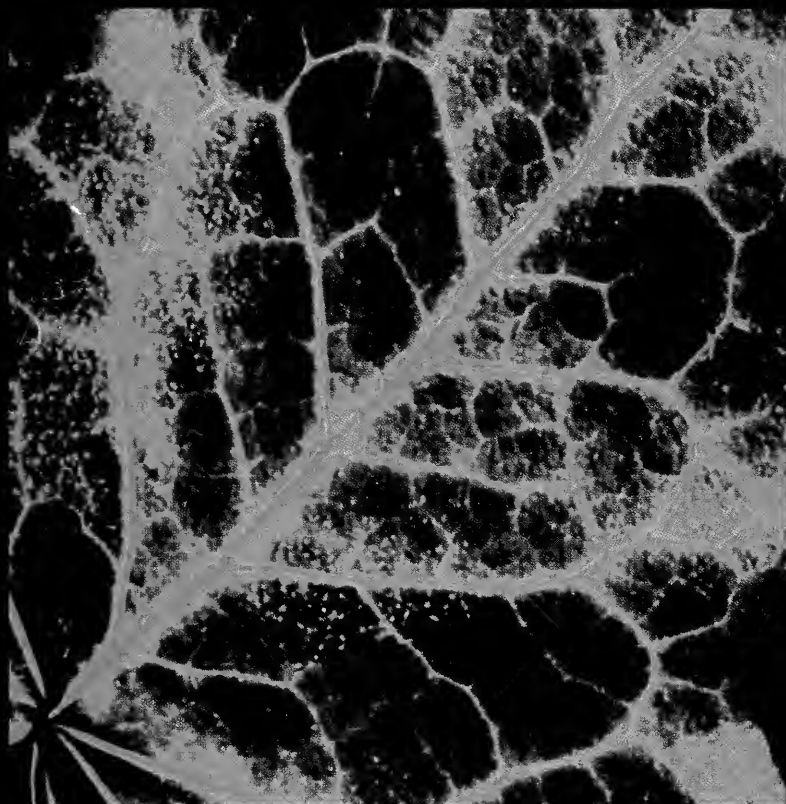


2000 - 2001

ANDERSON COLLEGE



IVY LEAVES

ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Table of Contents

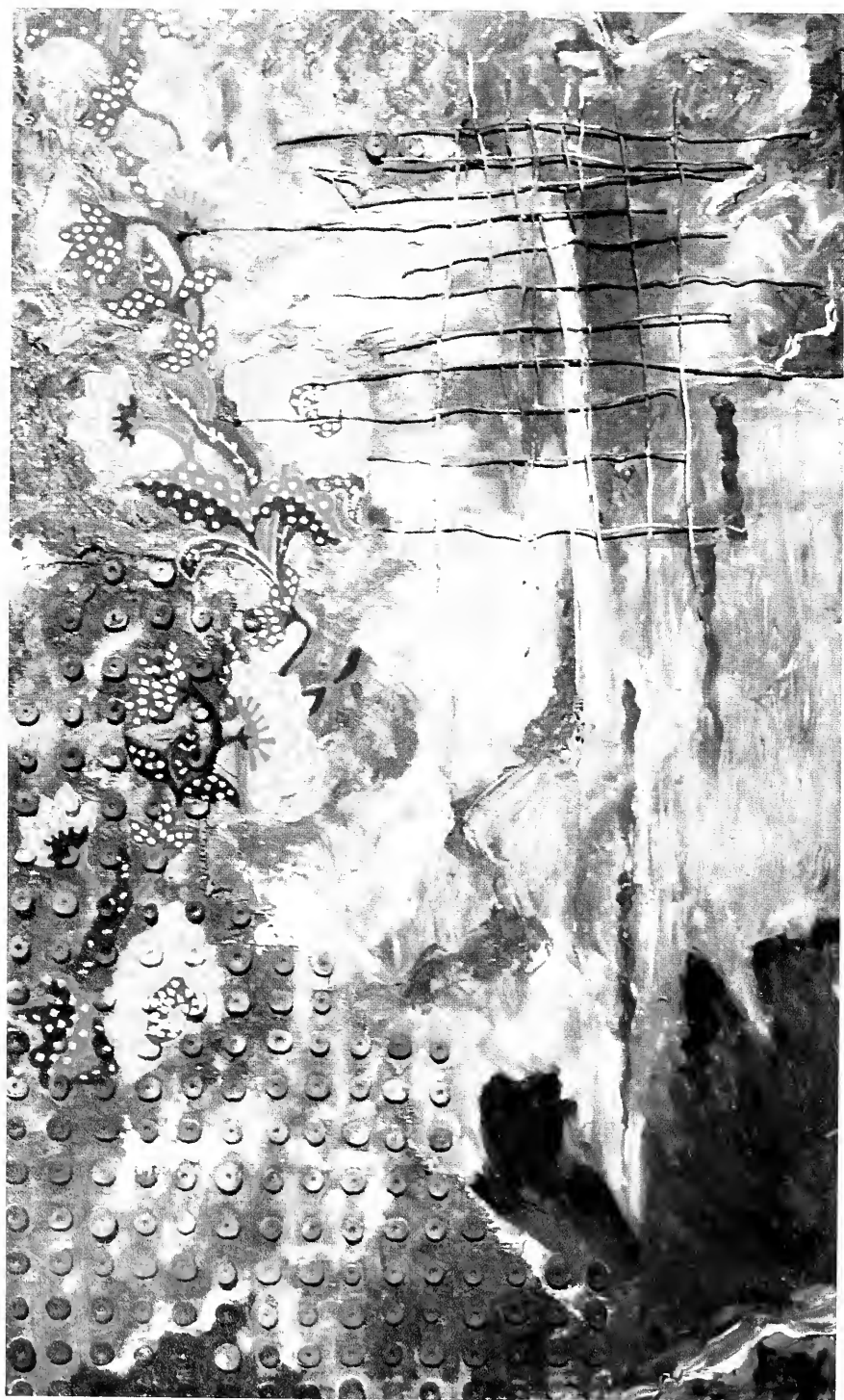
1	Cover	
2	Table of Contents / Credits	
3	Out with the Old	<i>Ryan Wehmeyer</i> Graphics: <i>Daniel Austin</i>
4	Mixed Media Painting	<i>Allison Holdredge</i>
5	Song of an Autumn Night	<i>Liz Warr</i>
6	Light on the Water	<i>Latonya Scott</i> Graphics: <i>David Locke</i>
7	Burning Rave Pantoum	<i>Simon Grant</i> Graphics: <i>Adrienne Hamon</i>
8	Oil Painting	<i>Lashanda Salters</i>
9	Blizzard Begins to Blow	<i>Jane Hawley</i>
10	Mighty Men Crossing the Monticello	<i>Simon Grant</i> Graphics: <i>Chris Dunagan</i>
11	At the Fish Place	<i>Margaret Hayes</i>
12	Photograph	<i>Adrienne Hamon</i>
13	The Sea	<i>Heather Ifversen</i>
14	Inner Child	<i>Margaret Hayes</i>
15	Boarding the Bus	<i>Jane Hawley</i> Graphics: <i>Jessica Hathcock</i>
16	Photograph	<i>Bryan James</i>
17	Those Three Words	<i>Lashanda Salters</i> Graphics: <i>Joy McAninch</i>
18	Pencil Drawing	<i>Tomoko Inoue</i>
19	When the Wind Changes	<i>James McElhannon</i> Graphics: <i>Mike DeJacimo</i>
20	In the Trough	<i>Torrie Clark</i>
21	Painting	<i>Mike DeJacimo</i>
22	Ink Drawing	<i>Chasity Baxley</i>
23	The Future	<i>J. Mart Carter</i> Graphics: <i>Alicia Fincher</i>
24	Oil Painting	<i>Daniel Austin</i>

Out with the Old

This ceaseless spraying from my midsection
Brings you here to replace me on the corner of my street.
You'll be pleased to know: during summer months
This grassy spot, nestled among little moons
On stalks, provides honey-hued warmth,
Though certain days are hot enough to welcome
The surging blue dress and her leashed pandemonium.
Sprinklers dance water on my hat

From ten till noon, and azalea shadows
Creep around me at three, provided the newcomer
Has still misplaced his clippers.
At times business seems slower than a Southern
Drawl sipping lemonade, but before I feel
The onset of a yawn I'm pumping water
Through a window where an octagenarian's
Kerosene heater loosed a snake of fire on dry curtains.

Ryan Wehmeyer

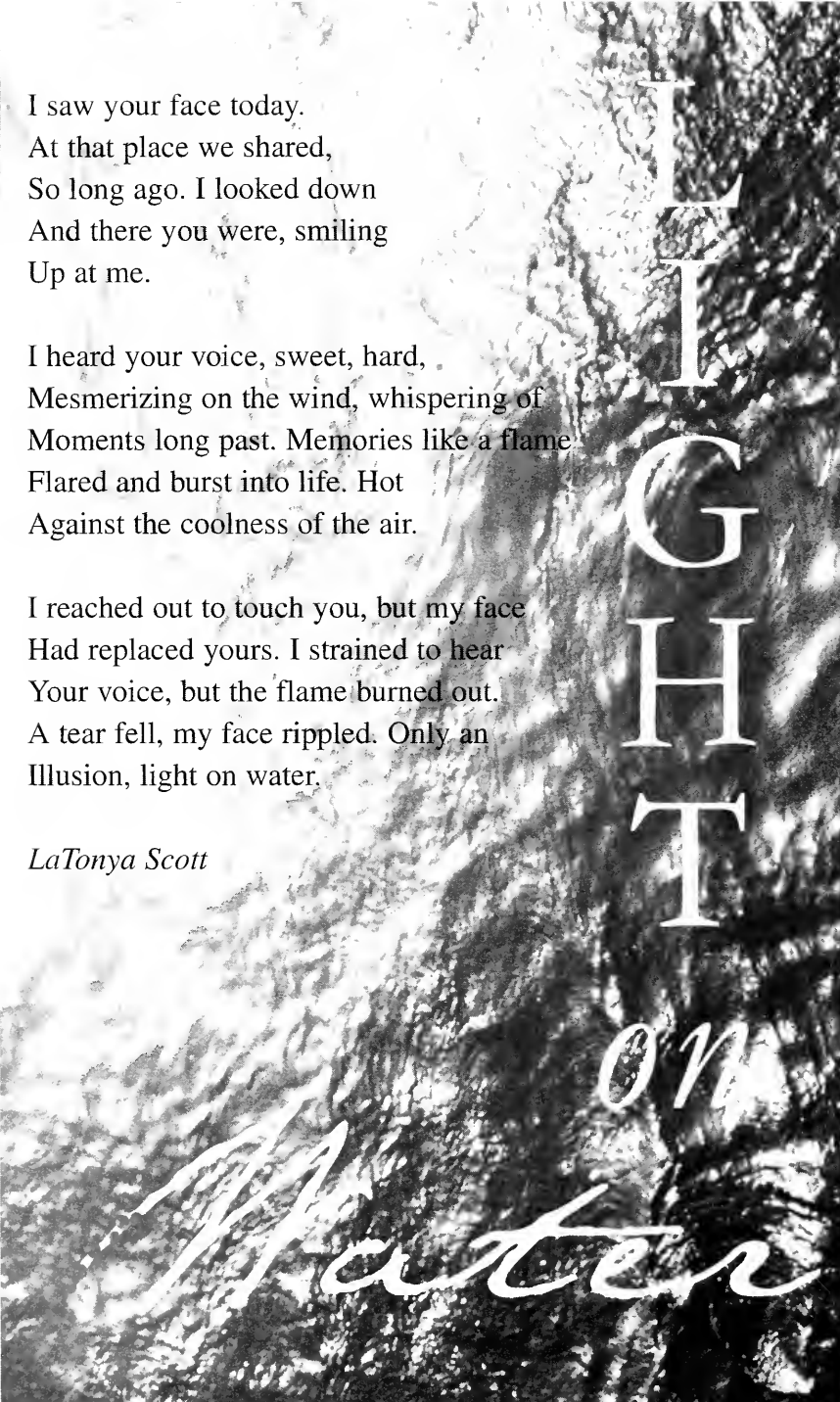


Song of an Autumn Night

The cool breeze nibbles at my skin as I sit here in this
 swing, rocking
 in a lazy tempo brimming with restrained anticipated
 energy
The squeaks of rusting metal grinding against itself and the
 creaks of
 worn and warping boards join in with the rhythm of the
 rustling
 wind which flows through the changing trees, their
 leaves
 beautiful in death
A soft pause sounds the break of a leaf from its branch,
 springing
 from all it has ever known, straining towards its destiny
 with its
 brothers and sisters
The leaves twirl as they fall, succumbing to the frenzy of
 one last
 glorious dance before withering away to dust
And I rock to the rhythm of the song as the wind whispers
 its melody
 overhead

Liz Warr

Opposite Page : Oil on Canvas
Allison Holdredge



I saw your face today.
At that place we shared,
So long ago. I looked down
And there you were, smiling
Up at me.

I heard your voice, sweet, hard,
Mesmerizing on the wind, whispering of
Moments long past. Memories like a flame
Flared and burst into life. Hot
Against the coolness of the air.

I reached out to touch you, but my face
Had replaced yours. I strained to hear
Your voice, but the flame burned out.
A tear fell, my face rippled. Only an
Illusion, light on water.

LaTonya Scott

L
I
G
H
T

on

Water

Burning Rave Pantoum

for Jellybean

Jotting and spinning like some child's first fireworks
Lurching lights fire like bright halos through night
Fighting for life like burnt flinching limbs jerk
Dancing fire spirals to frightening height

Lurching lights fire like bright halos through night
Epileptic liturgy light on sparked feet
Dancing fire spirals to frightening height
Thrasonical gods fleet transcendent heartbeats

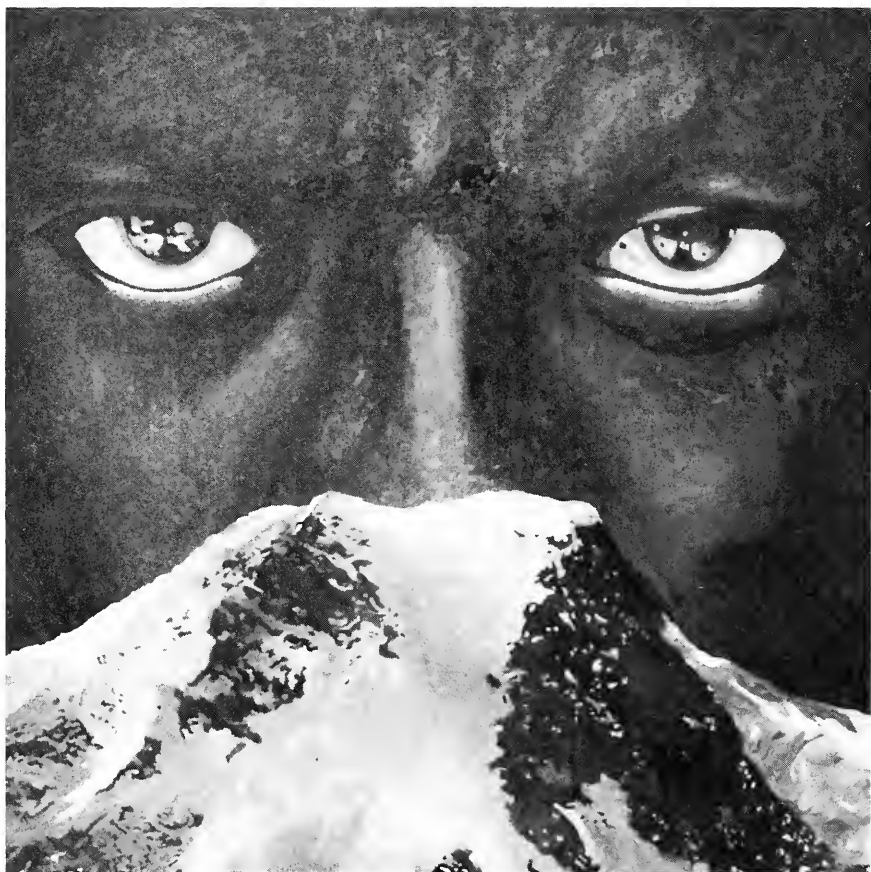
Epileptic liturgy light on sparked feet
Laughingly colors float over the bodies
Thrasonical gods fleet transcendent heartbeats
Stifled breaths flash fast, hot and audible

Laughingly colors float over the bodies
Writhing and seething like ants on a kill
Stifled breaths flash fast, hot and naughty
Their weak feet start bleeding but keep moving still

Writhing and seething like ants on a kill
Heads, legs, and lights all become indiscernible
Their weak feet start bleeding but keep moving still
Mutually screaming a language undecipherable

Heads, legs, and lights all become indiscernible
Floating like a flower when a firestorm sets the night
Mutually screaming a language undecipherable
The moment when you're all alone in the night

Burning like a firestorm when you're all alone in the night
Floating like a flower when a firestorm sets the night
The moment when you're all alone in the night



Oil on Canvas
Lashanda Salters

A Blizzard Begins to Blow

Silence stalks the forest,
While the wind whistles above.
As a blizzard begins to blow,
And the swirling leaves know.

While wind whistles above,
Smoke billows from chimneys.
And the swirling leaves know,
The ground will be buried soon by snow.

Smoke billows from chimneys,
Ice makes the trickling creek slow.
The ground will be buried soon by snow,
As the first flakes fall.

Silence stalks the forest,
Ice makes the trickling creek slow.
The first flakes fall,
As a blizzard begins to blow.

Jane Hawley

**Mighty Men Crossing the Monticello
:or:
A Misbegotten Ballad to Turtle Girl**

A lake in the summer, mistakes that we make,
We couldn't have been dumber than to swim cross the lake,
Can you believe we did it though neither one fit,
 for Terra the Turtle Girl, Terra the flake?
But Turtle Girl's bikini was driving us wild,
And hormones can make a man act like a child,
So to prove we weren't yellow we crossed Monticello,
 a decision we both later reviled,
We started a task that seemed quite impossible,
Crossing a lake that seemed to me quite uncrossable,
For the sake of a silly little turtle loving girl
 whose bright shiny hair, I'm sure, was quite tossable,
I girggled and huffed as I swam through the water,
The water got wetter, and the hot sun just got hotter,
You know, I don't know, though I put on a show,
 what I'd do with Turtle Girl if I actually got her,
We crawled up on shore both heaving in shock,
Realizing the fallacy of thinking by cock,
Forgetting our shoes our footsies grew bruises
 as we walked the half mile round the lake to the dock,
Arriving, bruised feet, with a big-headed glow
We found out a fact we both shuddered to know
Her boyfriend arrived at the lake around 5,
 And Terra rode home a half-hour ago.

Simon Grant

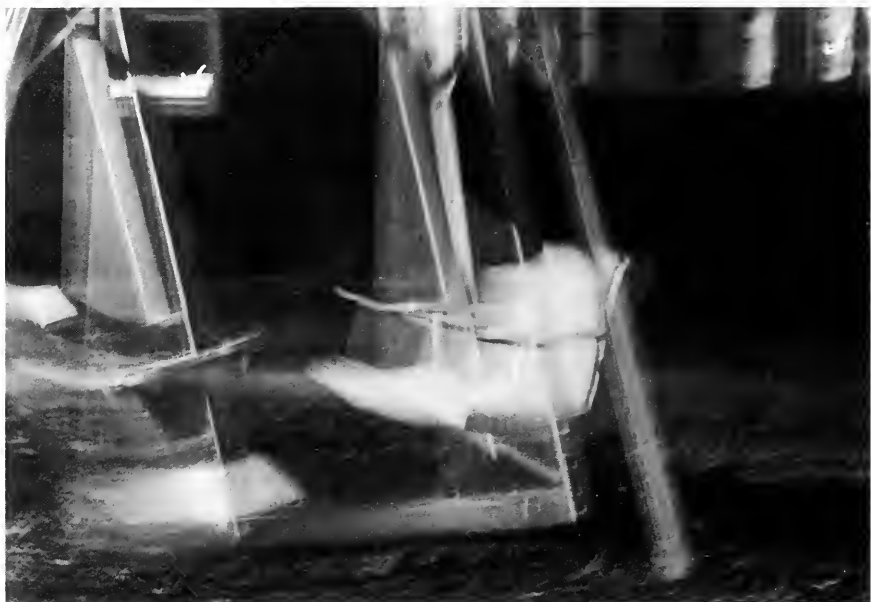
At the Fish Place

Loneliness holds her captive
at the restaurant,
fishing for conversation,
baiting others to join her inane talk,
the voice strident, deep
as the water into which she
might have cast a line.

Others seek anonymity,
pretending not to listen,
but caught, almost embarrassed,
in the loud, plainly heard conversation
they are not sure they ought to hear.

She sits long after finishing the food
before her,
still not nourished—
hoping for someone she knows,
(or doesn't),
to see her—
show her she exists.

Margaret Hayes



Photograph
Adrienne Hamon

The Sea

promises more challenges
sand-dwellers breathers-of-air the-mounted-on-rock
to acknowledge another world
where water draws into the curving swell
rushes ocean out again and in like breath
like air
that we once breathed
that we can fly through if we learn to
and the thick blue-green breathes
in
and out
not a mortal being
but embodiment of life
having witnessed dry land's cleaving
from its amniotic fluids
it breathed life into sand
breathed man into sand.

Heather Iversen

Inner Child

What led me toward what
they considered a greater good
and helped me leave behind
my innocence, my small self?
Where am I now—that person who was me?
Is she tucked away in some safe place,
hidden, closed away
as in a box or treasure chest,
afraid of letting that other self
slip from the darkness
and turn toward the light,
as flowers turn toward the sun?
Though I search through the memory,
the key is lost,
and the darkness is so great
I cannot find the way.

Margaret Hayes

Boarding the Bus

They laugh at us,
Each morning as we board the bus
Mocking my mismatched clothes and tangled hair,
Your dirty dress and missing eye
They think that I don't know,
That I am dumb.
If only they could walk in my shoes,
And know how it feels
To have no dad and a mom with no job,
Who forgets to wash clothes,
And pack my sack lunch.
Know how it feels to have
Heartache big enough
For someone twice my size.
And know how it feels to have
One loyal friend on earth,
A ragged doll with one button eye.

Jane Hawley



Photograph
Bryan James

Those Three Words

A difficult task in itself.
Why create such a vulnerable state?
But yet you find it's something you want
Just to say those three words.

Emotions that are unbearable,
A release becomes a need.
And the only cure for you ...
Just to say those three words.

But what if it's not mutual,
Could you bear that consequence,
The pain that one could create,
Just to say those three words?

Lashanda Salters

Those Three Words



Pencil Drawing
Tomoko Inoue

When the Wind Changes

Cain sat in his high chair
With mashed potatoes smeared
Across his cheek.
The mill hill was frying
With the heat of a sweltering drought.
But I stood watching this baby
In the rays of sun that filled
The kitchen.

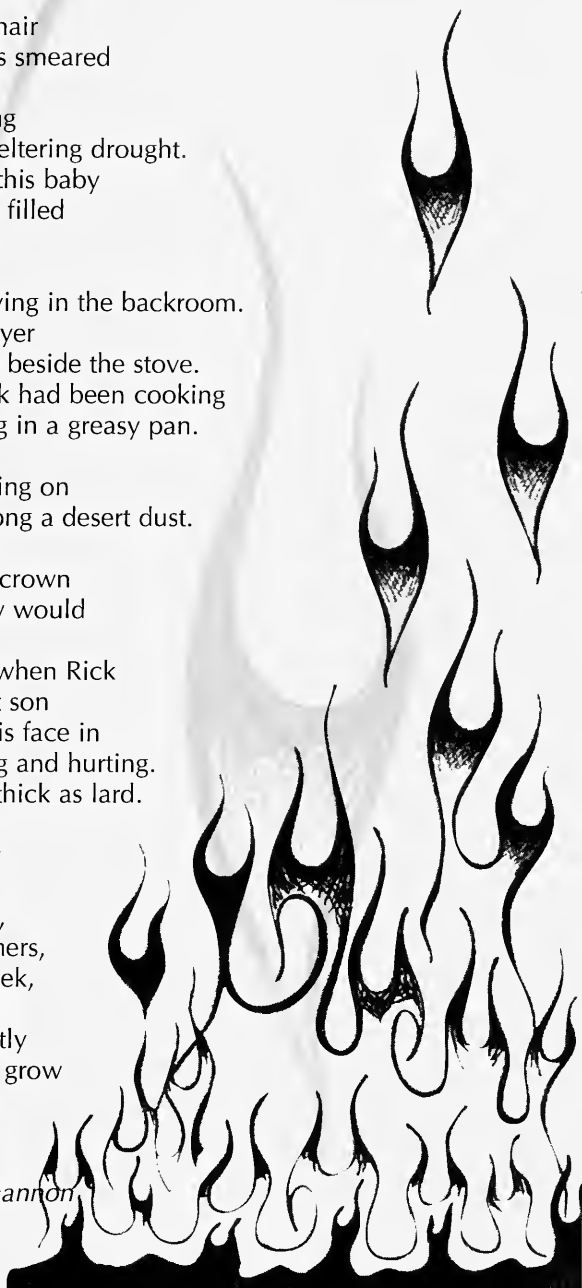
Another child was crying in the backroom.
There was a French fryer
With week old grease beside the stove.
It smelled like fat back had been cooking
All night, just smoking in a greasy pan.
The bottle of rum
Rick and I were working on
Shined like silver among a desert dust.

Cain's red hair was a crown
Of burden that I knew would
Last for years.
I remembered nights when Rick
Would fight his oldest son
Out front, smearing his face in
The red clay, swearing and hurting.
The humidity was as thick as lard.

That fire headed baby
Would have to deal
With the same torture,
The unbearable summers,
3 and 4 mothers a week,
And I'm conditioned
To sit and watch silently
As another youth will grow

To hate his father.

James Anthony McElhannon



In the Trough

Shush.

He's gone. I'm glad he didn't pull off the top.
Are you tired? Buck chased us all over the yard.
Yeah, we beat him because we can run so fast.
He probably doesn't even know we're in here.

What? I don't know why they live together—
She's our sister, she's too old to live with us.
Momma says they're not nice to each other—
That's why Donna stays with us a lot.
It always takes her a long time to get to sleep—
Yeah; I've heard her too.

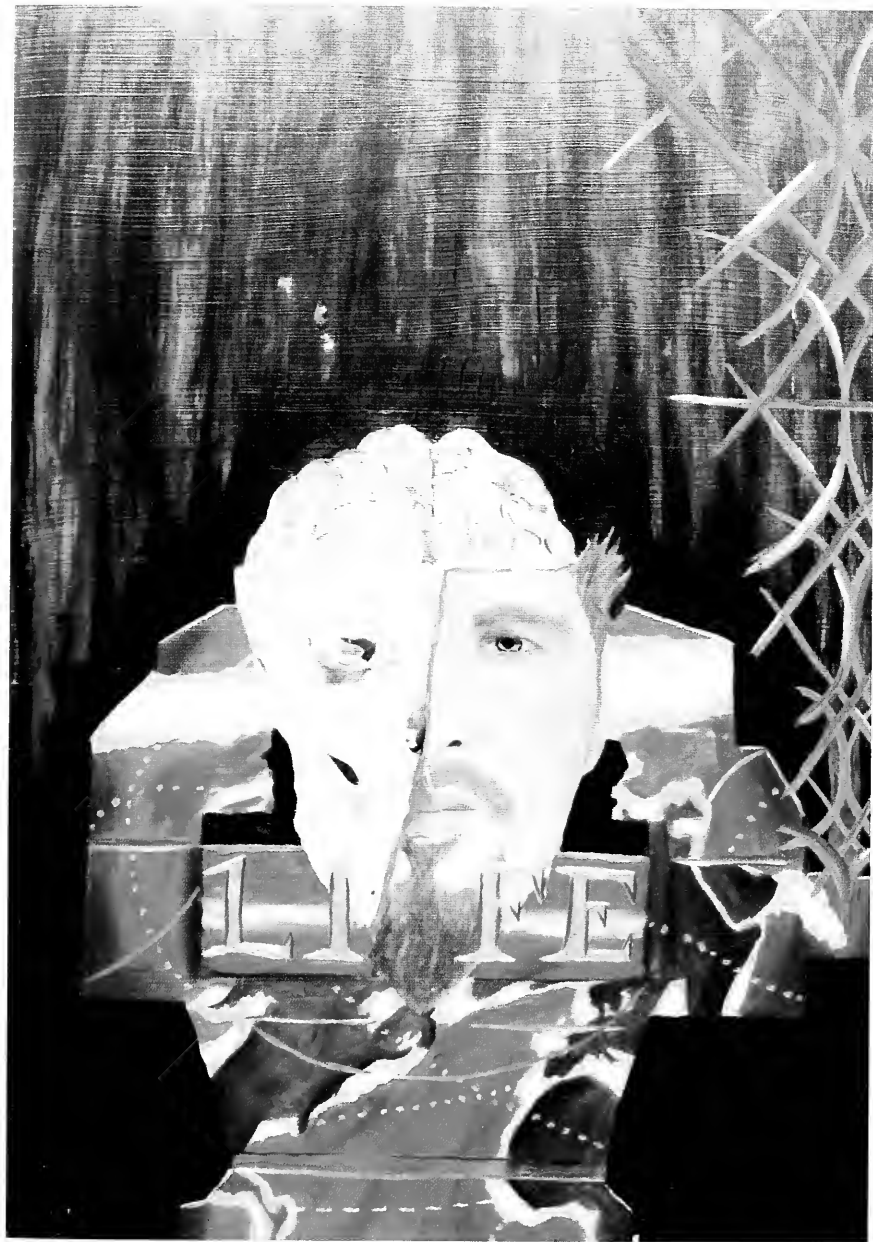
Do you remember that one night Donna
Came home and we were afraid of her
Because her face was cut up and purple and blue
Like your knee after you wrecked the bike
That time—except she bled everywhere,
On the carpet, the couch,
Momma's new couch.

Were you as scared as me when Buck
Drove up in that big old green machine
Truck today? I know, the headlights like
Eyes, shiny; squinting at us.
I couldn't see anything either.
You don't think he'll beat us up like Donna
Do you?

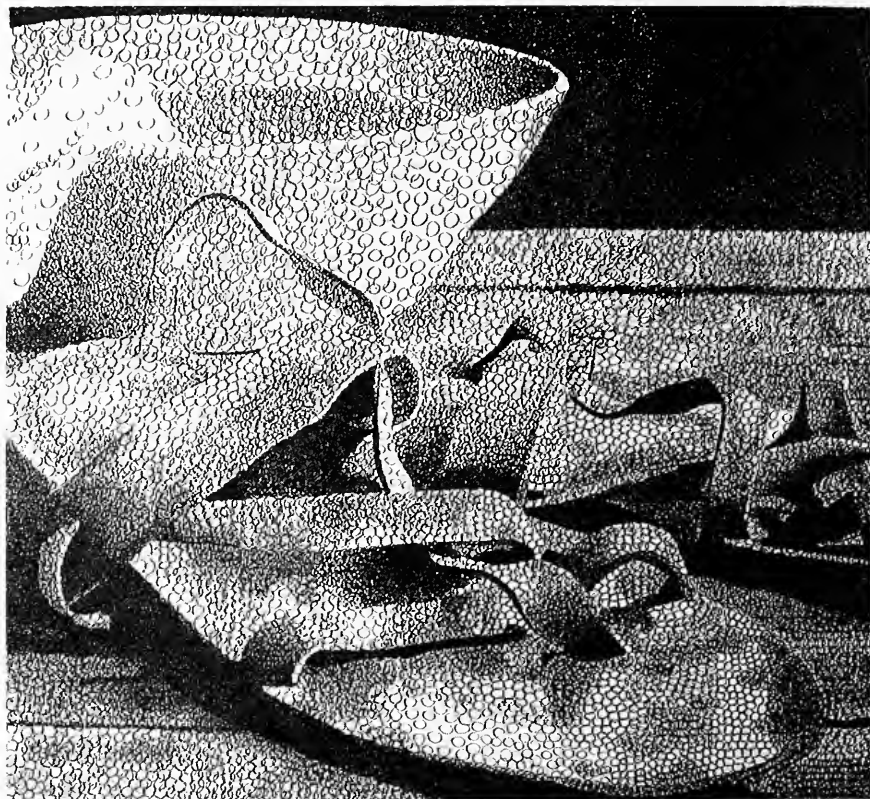
Shhh, mom's calling dad. Do you hear him coming?
What if he finds us? I'm still scared.
I'm too tired to run anymore. Can he
Take us away from mom and dad? I didn't think so.
Donna says Buck smells like burnt
Skunky leaves. Yuck.

What's that smell?

Torrie R. Clark



Oil Painting
Mike DeJacimo



Ink Drawing
Chasity Baxley

The Future

I stand on the edge and stare,
Wondering what could be out there.
Many people pass this way each day,
But none can tell me why I should stay.
Today a man stopped here,
He said my future was near.
With great surprise I asked him where?
He smiled and pointed—it's out there.
I stood for a moment, as if to decide
Then I stepped across to the other side

J. Mart Carter



Oil Painting
Daniel Austin